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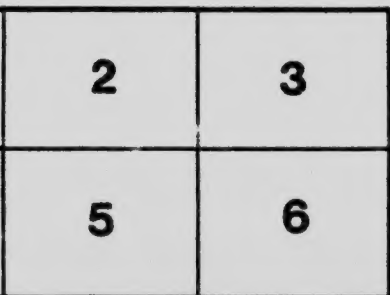
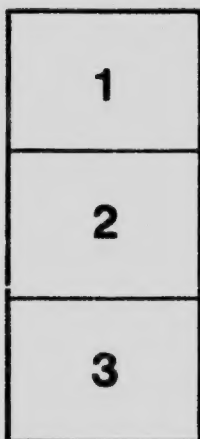
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43. **Sir Rodmond
and
Mr. Norris**

UNITED CHURCH
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BY
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SIR RODMOND AND MR. NORRIS

Text, Isaiah XXI-11-12, "Watchman what of the night? * * *
And the watchman said: The morning cometh."

That was a strange bullet! A bullet struck a bank clerk and killed him; then it struck a prison guard and ruined him; then it struck the city and aroused it; then it struck a parliament and amazed its slumbering members; then it struck the civic conscience and quickened it; then it struck the church and revived it. One little black leaden bullet, red with blood, moist with tears and suffused with agony.

That bullet is still whistling through the air at Plum Coulee (where men are not signing petitions for executive clemency). That bullet still lives in the memory of a score of decent families, whose members have unwillingly been thrown into the limelight. That bullet still sounds the death knell of illegitimate centres of rum saturated sociability and clubs of "that class." That bullet still sends a shivering sensation down the spinal column of political experts who profess a love for the cause of temperance, but whose legislative deeds help not at all. That bullet, black and blood stained, still reminds us of the need of civic righteousness, and bids the church of God to arouse itself.

There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. This is the time to speak. Three months from now when you are in the throes of a political campaign you will not listen to me. I speak now, before the passion of political prejudice has been aroused. Now while your mood is calm—and in a calm mood I speak.

We are at the beginning of things—at the beginning of a great city and a great province. A true citizen is first of all a city-man. "I am a citizen of no mean city," said the great apostle.

Let us cultivate a love for our city. Remember the undying words the great Wendell Phillips wrote: "The streets of Boston are inexpressibly dear to me." George Whitefield exclaimed: "Oh, Edinburgh, how shall I ever forget thee!" Savonarola in his dying words enshrined a sacred thought and a burning emotion: "Oh Florence what has thou done!" David sang of the city which shall forever bear his name: "Oh Jerusalem if I forget thee let my right hand forget its cunning!" And the greatest among all the sons of men—Jesus—"beheld the city and wept over it."

We have read of Savonarola's love for Florence, Spurgeon's love for Lon-

don, Chalmers' love for Glasgow, Beecher's love for Brooklyn and the love of Phillips Brooks for Boston — may I be pardoned if I venture to affirm that having lived to see our growing community pass from the proportions of an overgrown town to that of a princely city and a commanding metropolis, that I have and always shall have a peculiar personal interest in her welfare and prosperity.

Our civilization is a civilization of cities. No man is saved until the city is saved. There is no soul salvation short of social salvation. Whatever has failed in one hundred other cities will fail in Winnipeg. Winnipeg is the gateway of the East and the Star of the West, but Winnipeg is not superior to the laws which govern the destiny of a city.

The Bible begins with a garden and ends with a city. It is a prophecy of heaven is on earth. Its language whose metaphors are superior to civic architecture and its conditions: "A city which has a builder and maker, a God."

The pulpit has always uttered its voice in the city. The modern pulpit began with the German reformation and has had a hand in every great political revolution since then. Savonarola, Luther, Calvin, Ridley, Latimer, Knox and Beecher—all had a hand in the politics of their times.

The separation of church and state does not mean the separation of church and society. The Old Testament prophets were not only "in" politics—they were politicians of the highest order and type. They thundered against the evils of their day. They demanded clean government, clean business, clean hands and clean lives.

Who shall create public opinion, if not the man in the pulpit? If the preacher is dead to the world he ought to be buried. When the preacher has eliminated himself from politics, has politics gone steadily up or steadily down? John Pym was right when he affirmed: "I hold it a part of a man's duty to see that his country is well governed."

There are pink politicians and yellow preachers; call me pink or yellow, but if I cannot enjoy the rights of a citizen I will not stand in the pulpit. Inside the pulpit or outside of the pulpit, let me exercise all the privileges which belong to a stalwart manhood.

The pulpit should have a hand in every great moral discussion. Every such discussion (winning or losing) leaves the community morally stronger. The anti-segregation battle, in Winnipeg, revealed a great moral fighting force for purity, for which the representatives of both political par-

ties have shown a healthy regard and respect ever since. The "yellow preacher" created a local atmosphere favorable to righteousness, and put some color into the affairs of civic life.

Whether in the pulpit or out of it, a true man is a democrat. "When God makes a man He makes him a democrat." Democracy is history's last experiment. There is no possible substitute for democracy. Everything else has been tried and failed. The remedy for the evils of democracy is "more democracy." A vote has power to create a state and to control and direct a civilization.

In twenty years the Socialistic vote on this continent has grown from two thousand to one million. That kind of a straw not only tells which way the wind blows—it has a tendency to create a cyclonic breeze of respectable proportions.

The progressive spirit dominates the world. The only kind of a politician who can command the full respect of thoughtful men today is the progressive politician. "Progressive" is another name for the rising tide of democracy. The progressive has no respect for a thing simply and only because it is old. The hidebound, time-serving, tradition-chained politician who calls himself a Conservative is finally left with but two states—Utah and Idaho. Two states, aye, two; his own content and humanity's discontent. Mr. Taft proved himself to be a beautiful character, but no politician. Heavyweights are prone to become phlegmatic.

The difference between a politician and a statesman is the ability to see one step in advance and the courage to take that step. A man may succeed in the realm of practical politics and fall in history. It is one thing to govern and control, it is another thing to administer and direct. Sir Rodmond, there is something higher, greater, and sublimer than keeping a political party in power, and that is to keep a party, which is in power, in the line of progress. The man who is blind to coming events finally runs, head first, against a wall of granite.

Sir Rodmond boasts of being "British." Hear him! "The British flag, British ideals, British traditions, British standards, British laws, British ways, British habits, British customs—but, considering her geographical position and her unique historical setting, Great Britain is the most thoroughly aggressive and progressive nation, politically, on the face of the earth.

Take a look at the premier's position on the question of woman's suffrage—which is simply and only the question of universal suffrage based not on sex or property, but on personality and intelligence. Study the attitude of our noble Sir Rodmond on this subject.

Mrs. Nellie McClung closed her magnificent appeal to the premier, for woman's suffrage, with these words: "Sir Rodmond, today is the day of opportunity, an opportunity which comes to few men. We have shown you that both reason and sentiment are on our side. And now, Sir Rodmond, it is your move."

Sir Rodmond, in a very kind and gentlemanly speech, informed the good lady that woman's suffrage in the United States had resulted in, and was responsible for, the divorce evil—"one divorce for every twelve marriages" was the record in yonder fair republic, and this sad condition of affairs could be traced unerringly and infallibly to the agitation for "Votes for Women." "The facts are against you," exclaimed Sir Rodmond.

Ye heavens, what logic! What a divi- consanguinity of fact! Permit me remark that it would have been as near the truth to affirm that the woman's suffrage movement in the United States was responsible for the Boer war in South Africa. Chronologically, there is no more connection between the agitation for woman's suffrage and the evils of divorce than there is between Christian Science and the recent controversies concerning the discovery of the North Pole.

Woman's suffrage is not an agitation which is peculiar to the United States. The most powerful essay ever written on the subject of Woman's Suffrage was written by John Stuart Mill in 1869. It is entitled "The Subjection of Woman."

Equal rights for men and women is not even a question the discussion of which is peculiar to our own age and century. Equal rights for men and women was advocated by Cornelius Agrippa in the year 1509—and that is not far removed from the middle ages.

But the divorce evil is as old as the race. It is rooted in history. Moses had to deal with it. And, mark you—Sir Rodmond, listen to me—The evil of divorce, in every age, has been a man's evil.

Divorce costs money, and the person who has the money is usually the man. Henry VIII., by the way, was not tainted with the heresy of woman's suffrage, but he was a mighty believer in divorce—and he had the money. He was strong on trial marriages and quick divorce, and with the assistance of the executioner's axe, he cut the gordian knot ever and anon.

Sir Rodmond, hear me, more than one-half of the women who are asking for divorces in the United States are asking to be released from a relationship which has been cursed with rum and blighted by strong drink. Rum—that's the cancer root of our civilization.

Personally, I will risk every friendship I have and take advantage of every turn of events, social, religious or political, to embarrass, threaten, disturb and annoy, those who are engaged in foisting the evils of strong drink on this fair city and noble provinces. One boy in every fifth family in Canada, becomes a drunkard.

I stand appalled at the possibility of five years more of rum-rule in Manitoba—five years more of drunken men, five years more of staggering fools, five years more of gambling hells, five years more of crime and shame, five years more of vice dictation, five years more of broken homes, five years more of lax interpretation of the law, five years more of apology for the bar-room—I simply stand appalled at the possibility. Five years more of flaming posters inciting men to drink. Five years more of the underworld. Five years more of liquid demonology.

What I criticize about Sir Rodmond is not so much his acts as his attitude. Even a weak law with a strong personality behind it is effective. Your attitude, Sir Rodmond, your attitude. In the time which our premier occupies to tell us why he doesn't do this and why he doesn't do that (and what will happen if nothing happens) he could scare the life out of half the criminals in Western Canada.

The evil of all evils is a community in the hands of evil doers. Liquor and elections—spell out political degeneration. A voter ought to have two qualifications. First, he ought to be intelligent. Second, he ought to be sober.

Dr. Wilson charged, in the presence of the premier, that the Roblin government is in league with the liquor traffic. Sir Rodmond, if that is so you ought to acknowledge it (pardon my simplicity), and if it is not so you ought to deny it and prove your denial.

But I can imagine our good natured Mr. Roblin, after listening to this mild exhortation of mine, turning to me in his brusque fashion and impatiently inquiring, "Mr. Gordon, what do you want, anyhow?" And this would be my answer: "I want you to make it as hard for the liquor dealer, in Manitoba, to sell his liquids, as it is difficult for sober and decent people to secure restrictive legislation in all matters pertaining to the sale and use of strong drink." Is that clear?

Now, then, Mr. Norris, come and take a seat in the first pew—your turn has come. Look me straight in the eye and give me your unqualified attention. The subject which has been announced for your particular benefit is expressed in these words: "Is Mr. Norris Awake?"

The restriction of the liquor traffic is a world movement. The common

sense of mankind has turned against commerce in strong drink. The day has come for a sober civilization and a saloonless nation. The temperance cause rests on the unyielding rock of scientific knowledge.

Humanity, today, is striking a blow at the root of all organized iniquity. Segregation, liquor joints, gambling hells, and clubs of "that class" are all the signs and symptoms of one disease. There is only one giant evil in the world. Poverty is a problem which socialists and statesmen will solve. Ill health indicates a lack of knowledge and scientific skill. War is the last trace of barbarism in international affairs. There is only one monster iniquity—its name is "Rum."

Rum is on the run. Twenty-nine thousand saloons have been closed in the United States in five years. Five hundred municipalities out of eight hundred have gone dry in Ontario. One thousand bar rooms have been put out of business in the state of Illinois inside of one month. And it is a remarkable fact that when a town goes dry it usually stays dry.

Again I make no apology for the subject which I present. If government is right then moral agitation, which determines the moral quality of a government cannot be wrong.

There is one pulpit in Winnipeg which will speak in such a manner as to touch every realm—religion, politics, business, society, education, labor, man and God. There is no rule as to what a preacher shall preach about. Speaking generally my judgment is no better than your judgment, but in the matter of preaching I must take my orders from the God who speaks to me in the realm of conscience.

I must take my instructions not from the man on the street, nor from the man on the board, nor from the man on the paper, nor from the man in the club, nor from the man in the pew, but from the man in the skies—the Man of Galilee.

Whenever and wherever evil lifts its head the true preacher has a message. The only force which is big enough to win in the long war against wrong is the grand army of the church of God.

There is no reason why I should not speak. I am not a candidate for any office. I have no political ambitions. I have no political bias of which I am conscious. I am not a Conservative. I am not a Liberal. I am not a temperance crank. I am a man without a party, but I trust not a man without a principle. I am a progressive Canadian and I am looking for a progressive party true to the present crisis in Manitoba. A progressive party is a party with one foot in the future.

Mark this, political progress is not

impossible in Manitoba. There will come a time in our great province when political success, or the chance of political success, will not depend on drinking clubs and drinking places. Sir, a time will come when the destiny of our growing city will not be decided in a den of iniquity.

There is a heap of nonsense being written about "the foreign element." I am not afraid of the so-called "foreign" element in Manitoba. I am afraid of those who are debauching and degrading those to whom our land, language, customs and institutions are all new and unfamiliar.

We ask that a political party shall be clear in its principle and clean in its practice. We know that the liquor traffic cares only for the political party which will serve it. We know that political parties can be bought up. We know that political parties, have, in times past, been bought up by the liquor power. It is, therefore, right and proper that we should ask the leaders of a political party to state their principles and plight their troth.

We would like to know just where the Liberal party stands on the liquor question. We know where Sir Rodmond stands. He believes that the treating system is a social necessity and that it should, therefore, be blotted out of Manitoba by province-wide prohibition. That's a little inconsistent, of course, but we have no difficulty in ascertaining just where to find the premier. He is a recognized friend of the liquor traffic. We have waited nine years for Premier Roblin and the Conservative government to "do something" and we have waited in vain. We are through waiting.

And now, friend Norris, it is up to you. Where do you stand, or sit? Are you a temperance man by conviction or by convenience? Are you an anti-saloonist by adoption or by a principle ingrained? Is your platform something to get in on or something to get up on? Is your temperance neighbor regarded by you as an ally or an annoyance? Come, friend, speak your mind.

From a party which is out of power we ask for something more than a mere promise. We ask for a declaration of principle. We know where Sir Rodmond stands and we would like to know just where you stand. Mr. Norris, with reference to the "banish the bar" proposition. Answer our question without doubt, equivocation or mental reservation.

Politicians are prone to complain that "temperance support" is apt to be poor. Sir Rodmond asks for temperance support and complains when he does not receive it. Mr. Norris asks for temperance support and will complain if he fails to receive it. The answer of the rank and file of the temperance party is expressed in five

words: "Give us something to support." State your principle. Plant your standard. Fling your flag to the breeze. Or as the Rev. Mr. Sunday would say: "Get onto your job."

What the temperance cause needs in the Manitoba House is not a friend but a fighter. We want a party which we cannot only vote for, but fight for. The weakness of the Liberal party in Manitoba, in my opinion, is that they do not realize the strength of the temperance sentiment in the province.

Temperance sentiment is strong sentiment. It is a sentiment which lives and thrives without machine provided food or fuel. It is sentiment without craft, political position, invested interest, kindred industries, large money or capital support. Dr. Wilson's speech before the premier revealed a tremendous public sentiment. Are our Liberal friends prepared to make the most of their opportunity?

The temperance people of Manitoba are becoming impatient. And small wonder! It took them five years to get "a saving clause," and they are not sure that they have it now. Sooner or later one of the two great parties in Manitoba must break with the liquor traffic. Why not break now?

Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth with falsehood
For the good or evil side.

Mark my word, the Liberal party in Manitoba is not going to defeat the Conservative party by any ordinary turn, trick or manoeuver. Only a surprise will do it. The Liberal party, up to this time, has presented no element of surprise. Listen! The indifference of the leaders of the Conservative party and the flash of the assassin's bullet has created an opportunity. The hour is ripe for action. The liquor question is the supreme question in the minds of the people of Manitoba at the present moment.

The only way for the Liberal party to win is to surprise the enemy: and what a surprise it would be if the Liberal party should come out flat-footed for "Banish The Bar." And we are not asking the Liberal party, in Manitoba, to do here what has not been done elsewhere. Elsewhere that banner has been flung to the breeze and multitudes are gathering to its support.

"Banish The Bar" is the most reasonable proposition ever put up or propounded by the temperance people. It is a reasonable compromise, but at the best it is only a half-way measure—a stake driven in the ground measuring the distance we have covered in all practical achievements for sobriety. Understand me. "compromise is the essence of politics" and "Banish The

Bar" is the sanest compromise ever offered by the temperance people looking toward the day and the hour when the last distillery shall be destroyed and the last brewery banished; but it is a compromise—a half-way measure—and the political leader who is not ready for that is not ready for much. A progressive party which is only prepared to go half way on a half-way measure will never set the woods on fire or cause the heather to burn.

Here is what many are saying: "If we cannot find a party which is ready for such a reasonable motto as **"Banish The Bar,"** then let us organize an independent party on the basis of prohibition and put an end to the entire business in **"booze"**—bar, barrel and brewery." But if I should say that this evening it would be interpreted as a threat. I am willing to wait until the Liberal party has declared itself.

(These two discourses, as printed above, were both delivered before either the Temperance Convention or the Liberal Party Convention had been held, or Sir Rodmond had delivered his **"temperance address"** at Neepawa.)



Question Drawer

Dr. J. L. Gordon will answer the following questions in the parlors of Central church, Winnipeg, on Wednesday evening, May 6, 1914.

1. Do you believe, in a case of "murder" a juryman is justified in assenting to a verdict of "guilty," unless he is so absolutely certain of the accused person's guilt, that he could, if necessary, stake his own life on it.

2. Should a girl work for a living who has no need to?

3. Are there two separate and distinct forces in the world, one of evil and the other of good?

4. Do we not buy a lot of books in these days which we never read?

5. What were your impression of Helen Keller?

6. In what sense is the Bible infallible?

7. How do you account for the fact that so many people are anxious to have clemency shown to Krafchenko?

8. If a married couple cannot live happily together should they separate?

9. Can a modest girl wear a ball dress?

10. Do you believe that preaching against Roman Catholicism does any good?

11. Do you believe in long engagements?

12. In the sight of God is not the hangman as much of a murderer as the murderer, who is sentenced to be hung?

13. Can a man tell the truth and succeed in business?

14. Do you think it would be wrong for a girl to marry a divorced man?

15. Why does God permit people to be tempted?

16. Why should there be such a thing as poison in the realm of natural products?

17. Is it excusable to tell a lie in order to protect those whom we love?

18. Would capitalists attend church in such large numbers if a genuine gospel was preached?

19. If God is good why are circumstances so unkind?

20. What is the difference between the truth revealed in the Old Testament and the truth revealed in the New Testament?

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This Evening

May 3, 1914, at 7 o'clock

DR. GORDON

Will Pre ch on the Subject

"The Tongues of Men"

The title of a Recent
Drama.

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